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THE
COQUET'S
Coguette R
SURRENDER;

OR, THE
Humorous PUNSTER.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acting at the
NEW THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

Irridendo Janit & Pun-it.

Dedicated to a certain Great LADY at Court.

LONDON:

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TO A
Certain Great LADY
at COURT.

MADAM,



SINCE *Slips* are grown so common, no One can blame the *Conquer's Surrender*. You have a sufficient Title to Virtue, although your Virginity's lost; for no One dare to censure the Actions of the *Great*, nor will any Body upbraid you, since you are

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enriched by, if they should *stare 'em in the Face*, and shew 'em You are not ashamed of it. The Maid who sins is ne'er disturb'd, if any Body will protect her; how happy then are You who need no Protection? Beauty is the peculiar Favourite of the Court, and the Woman who has her Share of that will have her Share of Favours, of which Your Ladyship has no Reason to complain — Variety is the Pleasure of Life, and can there be more Variety than is in a *Court*? Fresh Lovers, fresh Fashions, and fresh — *Maiden-heads*.

Let Others sculk in Corners, and be ashamed of what they have committed, but do You still persist in Your heroick Resolution outshine the envying World, stifle Conscience, laugh at Scandal, and reign supreme in Sin.

Let Others copy from Examples, and *learn* to be *vicious*; but You need no such Assistance, knowing how to be above the common Reach, and sin with *une grand paw*.

Virgin is a hideous Name, and those who bear it commonly love to get rid of it as soon

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soon as possible. This Your Ladyship well knew, so threw a bold Main, and succeeded as You wish'd. Fortune favours the Bold, and Beauty can charm the hardest Heart; but that too soon surrender'd quickly palls: No Charms can last for ever — But Your Ladyship has Wisdom enough to foresee that. So, in full Possession of all Happiness, I leave You; and that You may ever continue so, is the Prayer of

Your Humble Servant,

The PUNSTER.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

THRO' all the various States of Life ; we find
Diversity of Taste directs Mankind.

Long have our Theatres, with just Renown,

Not only pleas'd, but moraliz'd the Town.

Forgive us then, nor our Endeavours scoff;

If with our Grandfire's Wit we'd make ye laugh:

For Virtue oft by Puns has been convey'd,

And chiming Nonsense latent Wit betray'd:

Conscious that we want Merit for Applause,

We must, by partial Judgment, try our Cause.

Ladies, to You we make our first Appeal ;

'Tis your's to calm our Fears, our Doubts to heal ;

If You vouchsafe to aid our tow'ring Pride,

We ask no more, nor wish Applause beside ;

For, if the Fair we gain, of Consequence,

We soon shall draw o'er all the Men of Sense ;

And for the surly Critick let him go,

We don't care That whether he's pleas'd, or no,

Take then, ye Brave, ye Wise, ye Fair,

Our poor Production to your tender Care ;

So shall you raise in us a generous Strife,

And every Smile shall warm us into Life —

But if your Censure on our Scenes should light,

As far too mean for Audience so polite.

Indulge us still, and let our Hopes depend,

By pardoning all the Faults you can't commend.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. MORSE.

TRembling to know his Fate, our Author stands;
For all his future Fame lyes in your Hands:
“ He says he’s young, and ’tis his first Attempt;
‘ And if ye frown, ’twill future Flights prevent.
I told him those Excuses were grown stale,
And that his Modesty will ne’er prevail;
Howe’er I promis’d to do what I can,
And swore I’d strive to gain ye Man by Man;
Tho’ that’s a Task that would the best appall,
For ’tis impossible to please ye all,
With Beaux I’ll ogle, with the Cit I’ll drink,
Strut with the Rake, and with the Templar—think;
With a spruce ’Prentice I’ll descant on Trade,
With fumbling Courtiers I’ll be thought a Maid;
With Sophs and Clerks I’ll uncouth Verses scan.
In short, I’ll something have for every Man;
With my own Sex ——— I’ll rail and furl my Fan. }
To your Applauses then I yield my Heart,
And hope the Criticks too will take my Part.
Indulge us then, and your loud Plaudits give
For my Surrender, let the Punster live.

P E R.



PERSONS Represented.

M E N.

Sir Roger Quibble, <i>the Punster,</i>	Mr. Jones,
Lurelove,	Mr. Cole,
Ranger, <i>his Friend,</i>	Mr. Cross,
Col. Gazette, <i>a great News-monger,</i>	Mr. Wignel,
Snarl, <i>a Critick,</i>	Mr. Machen,
Tom, <i>Lurelove's Man,</i>	Mr. Hicks,
Whetstone, <i>Sir Roger's Man,</i>	Mr. Dove.
<i>A flammering Constable.</i>	

W O M E N:

Lucinda,	} <i>Sisters and Nieces to Sir Roger,</i>	{ Mrs. Morse,
Clara,		
Miss Hilding, <i>a young Romp,</i>		Miss Jones,
Betty, <i>Maid to Lucinda,</i>		Mrs. Pullen.
Mrs. Twig, <i>a Lady of the Town.</i>		



THE
COQUET'S
SURRENDER;
OR, THE
Humorous PUNSTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Lurelove's Lodgings. Tom asleep in
a great Chair, a Candle burning
in a Socket. [Waking.*



Heigh ho! must I never repose these
unhappy Limbs on my little Turn-
up-Bed ——— No, alas! here must I
sleep, and wear my Life out in this
two-arm-Chair; heigh ho! ——— well
I'll turn Poet, I think! No, then, if I follow the
Mode, I shall make every body else ——— heigh ho!
B sleep

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sleep as well as myself; however, I'll chuse a drowsy Subject: let me see, it shall be in Praise of—Heigh ho! a great Chair—but my Candle's almost out; by this Light now it should be Two o'Clock, for I see every thing double.—Heigh ho! but, for Certainty, I'll look. [*looks out.* as I live, it is past Six. [*knocking at the Door.*] Heigh ho! so one had better be a Lacquey to a broken German Count, or a French Marquis; than Footman to a London Rake. Let me see, he's out of Humour now, I know, well enough: That Knock denotes he's been gaming, and has lost his Money; the Slur at the End signifies he's half drunk, if so, stand clear Tom. [*knocking again.* So, that's a little softer, and not quite so smart; Od's Heart, I fancy I shall grow an Artist in these Kind of Sounds—but however, I must let him in; so, now for't.

SCENE II. *Tom and Lurelove.*

Lure. So, Tom, how wears the Night?

Tom. Like a Chancery-Suit, Sir, very slow—I am afraid it will wear me out before it; But really, Sir, with Submission to the Judgment of my Betters, the Stars have been very partial; they have given your Honour not only a good Estate, but likewise a strong Constitution to enable you to spend it; whereas, they have given me neither.

Lure. Why, 'Faith, Tom, I have no Cause to curse my Fortune, she has placed me in a middle Station of Life, above the Darts of Poverty, and beneath the Envy of Grandeur; I have just as much Honour and Money as I know what to do with; and while that and Youth, Health and Opportunity lasts, I will have Pleasure: my Friend and the Bottle shall share the Day, and some kind Mistress shall anticipate the tedious Hours of the Night.

Tom.

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Tom. But, pray Sir, how long may this Course of Life last? Heigh ho!

Lure. Why, in all Probability, it may hold these ten Years; for, if I escape the Rock of Marriage, and keep clear of the Pirates, I make a prosperous Voyage to the *Cape of Good Hope*; and return with a Plate-Fleet.

Tom. Ay, but Sir, — heigh ho! — there are many Quicklands in the Way, that you mayn't foresee, perhaps; for, suppose, Sir, — heigh ho! — Pardon my Infirmary, Sir, but this sitting up all Night will kill me. — I say, Sir, suppose you should meet with a Privateer, that should clap Fire to your Deck, and destroy your Cargo — for, consider, Sir, Women are but leaky Vessels; and if you board them too often, they'll soon sink you: so, Sir, might I be thought worthy, I'd advise you to marry; a Wife, Sir, is more precious than Gold, brighter than a Brilliant, clearer than Crystal, softer than Wool, and will teach a Man Resignation sooner than all the Philosophy in the World.

Lure. Ay, Sir, a Woman is more cunning than a Philosopher, or Mathematician either; for her Tongue has found out perpetual Motion, which nobody-else ever could: Besides, I hate Matrimony, because it is like Spring-Pottage, a damn'd bitter Potion full of Rue and Nettles.

Tom. Heigh ho! what is your Honour turn'd a Punster?

Lure. A Punster; why, you sleepy Rascal, I am just come from the Fountain-head of Puns; I have been all Night with Sir *Roger Quibble*, who never spoke a Sentence in his Life without a Pun, and had rather affront his Company than lose his Jest, yet does it without any Design of Offence; who, tho' he's but a Justice of Peace by Commission, yet is by Nature a Judge of Women,

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Wit, and Wine, and is the most facetious Companion breathing: but he grew frolicksome, and was for going on some Adventure——so I wisely drew off to save my Carcase, and my Senses——'tis too late to go to bed; so I'll e'n go and study: Tom, fetch me a Book to read.

Tom. Heigh ho! Sir, 'tis past Six o'Clock, and high time for any reasonable Rake to go to Bed.

Lure. But I expect Sir Roger will be after me every Moment; and therefore, I won't go to Bed at all. Now, Sirrah, I'll tell you a Secret——nay, don't nod, you sleepy lethargick Son of a Poppy. *[knocking at the Door.]*

Tom. *[starting.]* Oh! when will this dismal Task be over? Coming, Coming; what a Plague are you mad? *[goes to the Door.]*

S C E N E III.

Lurelove, Sir Roger, Ranger, and Tom.

Lure. Sir Roger, I hope you'll excuse my leaving you so abruptly; but, have you sprung any Game?

Sir Ro. Game! ay, you young Rogue, we have earth'd three of the loveliest, lustiest, prettiest *Bona Roba's* you ever saw; we want but your Aid, you Dog, and we'll ferret 'em immediately.

Ranger. Rare Sport, my Lad, and no Danger; Women are the Fruit that allures us to Iniquity: so shake off Drowsiness, and come along.

Lure. Pray, Gentlemen, excuse me now; for I find my self very unfit for any frolicksome Adventure.

Ranger. For Shame, Jack, why, thou'lt not leave us sure at last Cast; come pry'thee, since thou hast been wicked these sixteen Hours, e'en cast another Sin or two in, and compleat the four and twenty.

Sir

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Sir Ro. Why, the young Dog is a right Gamester, i'faith, and we are the Cards he plays with; he shew'd us a clean *Slip* awhile ago; and now he *shuffles* again — Sirrah, you are a *Knave of Hearts*; —but you shall find that I have *Pam* this time, and won't be *trick'd* out of my Game, and you shall be *loo'd*, in spite of your Teeth, you *sharping* Rogue.

Ranger. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Roger, ha! ha!

Lure. Well, since you will have me follow you to Ruin, lead on — Tom, go to Bed, you drowsy Rascal, — Sir Roger, I follow you.

Tom. Dear Sir, consider, if you don't value your Soul, have some Pity on that thin poor Corporation of yours.

Sir Rog. Ay, poor Corporation indeed! I'gad his is a right *Charitable Corporation*; for it — it's almost come to nothing.

Lure. That's because such wicked Rogues have the Management of it.

Sir Rog. Come along, my Lads — immortal Pleasure shall our Senses drown; Thought shall be lost, and every Power dissolv'd, —as the Poet says. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Tom alone.

Sure I am the most unfortunate Wretch breathing! all Night I have broke my Rest for my Master's Pleasure, and now I must do it for my own. At seven I appointed to meet Mrs. Betty; 'tis now near the Time, so Drowsiness, apart.

For Love's by Lethargy but poorly back'd,
And Maids ne'er yeild, if sleepily attack'd.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

Changes to Sir Roger's House.

Lucinda and Clara.

Luc. My Uncle has been out all Night, it seems; I suppose he's along with that Rake *Lure-love*—Lard! I hate that filthy Fellow.

Clara. There's no great Heed to be given to what you say in that respect, for your Actions generally contradict your Words.

Luc. Dear Sister, you're so precise! a Woman will never be caref'd that always confines herself to speak Truth; besides, it is so very unpolite, that no Woman of Sense will endure the Scandal of it: — I would have my Life glide on unruffled with a continual Current of Pleasure. — And, in order to make it so, I think nothing can contribute more than a Crowd of Lovers — for 'tis certain there is Pleasure even in the Temptation.

Clara. Ay, Sister; but if there's Pleasure in the Temptation, there must certainly be more in the Sin itself, and then it will be hard for meer Woman to withstand 'em.

Luc. Nay, you grow censorious now, Sister; so we'll wave this Discourse — But I have News to tell you, Sister, I have made two Conquests that you will be much surprized at.

Clara. That's no News, Sister, for you make Conquests every Day.

Luc. But these are so diverting, they are like two opposite Points of the Compass widely different from each other, yet both centring in me. You know 'em both, my Dear, Mr. *Snarl* and Col. *Gazette*.

Clara.

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Clara. Ay, the one is a surly pedantick old Critick, and the other a vain impudent young Coxcomb, that will tell more Lies in an Hour than one would think it possible to invent in a Year.

Luc. Right, my Dear; don't you think these two will afford me a tolerable Share of Diversiſion? I fancy, with theſe and another Lover or two, I ſhall make a ſhift to paſs my Summer pretty well.

Clara. But what will you do with *Snarl*? for old Men make but very disagreeable Lovers.

Luc. I have a rare Match for him, could I bring it about; what think you of Miſs *Hilding*?

Clara. She is but an Infant.

Luc. So much the better, Diversity is the Pleaſure of Life; ſhe's young, he's old; ſo what one Tally wants the other makes up; ſhe is a giddy Country Girl come up to Town to learn Manners, and he is always teaching what he don't know himſelf: ſo theſe two Oppoſites muſt needs produce a fine *Contraste*.

SCENE VI.

Lucinda, Clara, and Betty.

Luc. So *Betty*! Is Sir *Roger* come in yet?

Betty. No, Madam; but the Colonel is come to wait on you.

Luc. O Dear! deſire him to walk in — I invited him to take a Turn with us in the *Park* before Tea.

Clara. He may procure us an Appetite, perhaps, for Fools are commonly Phyſick.

SCENE

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S C E N E VII.

Lucinda, Clara, Betty, and Gazette.

Gaz. Ladies, I adore your Footsteps—ha! to find two young Ladies up so early must needs portend some nightly Change.

Clara. Not at all, Sir; we are learning to be industrious.

Luc. There is a Revolution of the World, and the Women follow the Example of Housewifery set 'em by their Great Grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's Days.

Clara. But the Men take a contrary Turn, and learn Action and Motion from the Apes of the Indies.

Gaz. Dress from the Dutch.

Luc. Speech from the Parrots.

Gaz. And Politeness and good Manners—

Clara. From the Cham of Tartary. — In short, our Beaus are Fools, and all our Fools are Beaus. The false Pretenders to Wit over-run the Nation, and banish all true Sense and Politeness out of it.

Luc. Cheats were never more plentiful than now; we have Men with smooth canting Looks that cheat us of our Conscience; we have Atheists and Free-Thinkers that cheat us of our Religion; we have Villains that cheat us of our Honour, and we have a *Charitable Corporation* to cheat us of our Estates.

Gaz. The last Cheat may easily be abolish'd, Madam.

Clara. How, pray?

Gaz. By substituting a greater in its Room.

Clara. Well — but, Sister, shall we take a Walk in the *Mall*, and rail there? I fancy it will be very healthful to vent our Scandal, and take
in

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in the fresh Air ——— especially, if the Colonel will give us the Honour of his Company.

Gaz. Madam, you honour me, by asking it.

Luc. Then, *sans Ceremonie, allons.*

SCENE VIII. *Betty alone.*

What a whimsical Woman this Mistress of mine is! but that renders her still more admired; either the Men are bewitch'd, or else they are very great Fools: she uses her Lovers worse than Dogs, and yet they, like true Spaniels, the more they are abused, do but fawn the more ——— I fancy there must be more Pleasure in it than I imagine; however, I'll try: I had only poor Tom, but now I have drawn *Whetstone* to my Chains. [Tom steals in, she sees him.] Oh, are you upen your Catch, Sir? I'll fit you, I warrant you. Let me see, I am in Love; what a foolish Toad I look like? but how much worse does Tom look?

Tom. Not much, with all due Deference to your Ladyship's Judgment. [aside.]

Betty. Now no Body's by, I'll freely speak my Thoughts of him.

Tom. So, now for't. [aside.]

Betty. 'Tis true he's well enough in Person, but in Manners he's the most disagreeable, ill-bred, unmannerly, saucy, impudent ———

Tom. [appearing.] Nay, nay, hold, Madam, you'll run yourself out of Breath presently ——— I am glad I know your Mind though, and that we agree so well; for, to be plain with you, I think you as ugly and disagreeable, as you can me for your Life.

Betty. Why, saucy Fellow! you learn of your Master, sure.

Tom. 'Tis but just I should, since you learn of your Mistress, Miss *Gilfirt*.

C

Betty

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Betty. A little more Manners would become you better, Sir.

Tom. Not at all, at this present, Madam, because they would be wrongly apply'd.

Betty. You give yourself strange Airs, methinks, as if I were obliged to bear it; but I'd have you know I an't marry'd yet.

Tom. Nor ever will be, and that's worse.

Betty. Why, thou Chitty-fac'd Boy, dost thou think there's none in the World besides thyself: but, to shew you the Difference, I'll be marry'd to *Trim* the Barber To-morrow-Morning.

Tom. I'll not believe it, for I understand Physiognomy; and I see it written in your Face, that if you don't marry me, you'll die an old Maid: and so, dear Mrs. *Betty* ——— nay, pr'ythee don't frown so; why, those Wrinkles make thee look like an old Maid of sixty already.

Betty. Your Impudence, Sir, will make me love you ten times better. [*aside.*]

Tom. Well, dear Mrs. *Betty*, you have trifled away all the Time I had to spare, and now I must be gone. ——— *Votre Serviteur, Madame.*

Betty. And will you go, Mr. *Thomas*?

[*half-crying.*]

Tom. Oh! she begins to come to, at last. [*aside.*]
Why, 'Faith, I would stay; but I promised to breakfast with Mrs. *Sukey*, Lady *Ombre's* Maid.

Betty. Ah! *Thomas, Thomas*, thou art an ungrateful, perjur'd Fellow.

Tom. Ah! *Betty, Betty*, thou art a dear Creature;
Dearer to me than Vales, or Wages paid;
Dearer than to the Butcher, our Cook-Maid;
Dearer than unto Ladies Lap-Dogs are;
Or than the Tabby-Cat more lovely fair:
O! *Betty, Betty*, glad me with thy Charms,
And take me fresh and lively to thy Arms.

[*embraces her.*]

O Happiness unspeakable!

Betty.

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Betty. You plaguy Devil ——— umph ———
Let me go ——— umh! the Devil ——— umh!

Tom. One Kifs more, my Angel, and then —

Betty. You shan't ——— you sad Rogue, let me go.

SCENE IX.

*While they are struggling, Miss Hilding
shews in Whetstone.*

Miss H. There, there; see, see; they are at it.

Whet. Ah! Woe's me, Betty, Betty —

*[Tom and he stand staring at each other
for some time, Betty in Confusion. —*

Miss H. *[bursts out a laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha.
How the Fools stare? this is rare Fun, i'Faith.

Whet. Is this your boasted Love to your Friend
Thomas? Didn't you tell me, last Week, as I
help'd you to cork the Bottles of *Torkshire-Ale*,
that you would not think of her any more.

Tom. Ay, but my dear Friend, all Excuses in
Love are lawful.

Betty. Which Side must I take? *[aside.]*

Whet. Well! Woe's me, I may curse the Day
I ever saw *London* ——— but much more that fatal
Day in which I saw thee dry-rub thy Mistress's
Room; thy Breasts heav'd and swell'd, I saw thee
pant and sweat, and every Sigh you fetch'd
wounded me to the Heart, I could no longer bear
it, O Betty, mark the Power of Love ——— I say,
I could no longer bear it, but took the Brush, and
scrubb'd the Room myself.

Tom. A very pretty *Æra* to date an Amour
from, I must confess ——— but let me advise thee
as a Friend, think no more of Love, thou art
not polish'd enough to go a courting.

Whet. May be so; but we Fools, mun, have
Sweethearts as well as wiser Folk ——— but *Tho-*
mas, those *Airs* thou learn'd of thy Master will

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never do thee any Good.

Miss H. This is pure Fun — *Betty*, now huff 'em both.

Betty. Pray *Miss Pert*, hold your Tongue, and be gone; I suppose you have been the Author of all this Mischief — Get in.

Miss H. I won't be snubb'd so, I won't — and I'll ask my Cousin *Lucinda* what Business *Thomas* has here, so I will.

Tom. Oons! are you mad — *Miss*, stay, my Dear, don't mind her, she's distracted.

Miss H. Indeed I think so too; but do, Mr. *Thomas*, vex *Whetstone* a little, and I'll be easy.

Tom. Withdraw then, and listen, and I will.

Miss H. Oh! this will be charming; I love Mischief at my Heart. [*she withdraws.*

Tom. Well, my dear Friend, to end all Disputes, let each shew what Merit he has, and he that has the most I would advise Mrs. *Betty* to take.

Betty. With all my Heart — begin — what will you do for me? [*to Whetstone.*

Whet. Why, lookee, *Betty*, since you ha' put'n it on that Footing, I'll tell you my whole Scheme; I have sav'd Fifty Pounds, and with that I had Thoughts of taking a little Shop, mayhap, in the Chandlery Way, and you might ha' took in Plain Work, and we might ha' lived so comfortable, methinks.

Betty. A comfortable Way of living, indeed, to sit behind a Compter, and sell Pennyworths of Pins and Tape, or to be vex'd with some tattling Gossip, and hear the News of a whole Parish. — Now, Mr. *Thomas*, your Proposal.

Tom. Why, Madam, I can't say mine is much preferable — you shall live as well as you can, and I as well as Cards and Dice will let me; you shall the first Year be suffer'd to wear out your Mistress's last Silk Gown unmolested, and when that grows shabby — I may, perhaps

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haps, go to the Price of a second-hand Callimancoe one ——— but no Gold Rings ——— I have an utter Aversion to them.

Betty. Why, all I can gather from both your Offers, is that you are both Coxcombs, he for want of Sense, and you [*to Tom.*] for want of Manners; and so I leave you together fit Companions for each other.

SCENE X. *Tom and Whetstone.*

Tom. Pooh! don't be disheartned, Man, you see she despis'd us both; for my Part, I care not.

Whet. Ay, thou art a happy Fellow, would I could do so; but we'll go into the Cellar, and refresh ourselves with a Toast and Canary, that's always my Remedy for Love; for Women are strange Creatures.

Tom. With all my Heart, for certainly, Wine is the only Balsam for Love; there we'll give a Loose to Pleasure, and drown the Thoughts of our scornful Mistress:

For Wine, like Women, can a-while dispense
Pleasure and Mirth to every wishing Sense;
Tho' soon th' Excess of either cloy's Delight,
Till Thirst again renews our Appetite.

The End of the First Act.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Lurelove's Lodgings.

Lurelove at a Table. Tom waiting.

Lure. **W**HEN the Head's disorder'd the whole
Man suffers; all Night have I been
wearing out my Spirits in pursuit of airy Frolicks,
and now Repentance must be my Portion——
if I had not left 'em as I had, I know not how I
should have escaped. O calm Philosophy! how
mild are all thy Precepts, and how delightful thy
Converse; no Noise to wreck the Brain, no Fears
to sting the Heart; but, mounted on thy Wings,
we spring aloft, and spurn at Vice and Fools be-
low. *Tom*, reach me a Book; happy the Man
who can at Leisure count o'er the Thoughts of the
heroick Dead, whose Souls in Volumes still sur-
vive; but happier he who can (by their Example
taught) learn to reform his Vices, and give a
Curb to Passion, who can survey the Cause why
they miscarry'd, and by Experience know to shun
the dreadful Rock on which they split. [*Tom*
gives a Book.] Ha! apropos, as if the Lines were
writ on purpose for my present Circumstances.
[*reads.*] O *Lucinda*, how soon Love makes us
Fools. [*sits down to write.*

Tom, So now my Master's turning Poet, I sup-
pose; he has already fought two Duels for her,
and proved himself a Bully. Fighting and
Rhyming are two as pretty Things as ever en-
ter'd into the Head of a mad Man.

Lure.

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Lure. Tom, go to *Lucinda* with this Letter; my Respects, and tell her I'll but dress, and wait on her immediately.

Tom. Pray Sir, where may I find her?

Lure. Why, at home, to be sure, Booby.

Tom. The Reason of my asking was, because her Body, like her Mind, is always roving.—I have known her coming down Stairs, Sir, on one Step promise to be at the *Mall*, and the very next Step (forgetting what she had promised) cry, Well, your Master will find me at Lady *Noble's* Assembly.

Lure. Why, thou art like an evil Conscience to me tell'st me what I durstn't presume to think on myself.

Tom. Well, Sir, I'll do what I can.

S C E N E II. [*Lurelove alone.*]

My Reason condemns me as a Madman, for addressing such a Woman as this upon Honourable Terms, I should have gain'd her at once, or left her; but, Pox take it, I am in Love, and that's a Plant will never thrive in any Head. He that makes his Addresses to any Woman runs a great Risque; but a Coquette is a———*Charitable Corporation*, where a Man may venture his Money, seldom gains the *Interest*, and generally———loses the *Principal*.

S C E N E III.

Lurelove, Tom Snarl and Gazette.

Tom. Col. *Gazette*, and a Gentleman, are come to wait on you.

Lure. Shew 'em in, and——Why don't you carry the Letter?

Tom. I was going, Sir, and met them at the Door.

Lure.

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Lure. Then let it alone now, I'll go to Breakfast there. [*Exit Tom, and shews in Gaz. and Snarl.*]

A Brace of hopeful Monsters, — if I escape this Plague, I defy all others.

Col. Gaz. Dear *Lurelove*, Good-morrow, I am afraid we intrude; for I know, by Experience, that nothing is more disagreeable to a Man, than Company when he's studying.

Snarl. By Experience! Do you ever study, then?

Gaz. Psha! not so smart, — but *Jack*, I heard the oddest News last Night. —

Lure. Pray let's have it, but be as concise as you can.

Gaz. O to be sure, I hate Prolixity — Prolixity is the most disagreeable Thing on Earth, it tires the Hearer, fatigues the Speaker, sets every Thing jarring, and runs a Man out of Breath — Oh! oh!

Snarl. But you forget you are using it, even while you condemn it.

Lure. Ay! come to the Business, what News was't you heard?

Gaz. A pleasant Joke enough, I can't speak a Word, but he must condemn it; because it is not strictly according to Rules of Art — I have forgot i'Faith; he has put it out of my Head.

Lure. He only keeps up to his Character, Sir; for Criticks commonly love to murder Wit.

Snarl. Can you call his Ribaldry Wit? you may as well pronounce all the Hawkers in the Streets Wits; for they talk by Rote, and so does he.

Gaz. I have been too much enclined to *Badiner* this Morning, and Mr. *Snarl* can't bear it.

Snar. Who can to hear thy Nonsense and Impertinence, occasion'd by the Fumes of last Night's Wine.

Gaz. Well, dear *Lurelove*, *Lucinda* sent me to desire your Company to Breakfast.

Snar.

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Snarl. By the same Token, she sent her Footman; but he would take the Office from him.

Gaz. Well, pr'ythee don't be so churlish, 'tis reported; that there are going to be several Alterations in Offices, and I will recommend thee, *Snarl*, if thou'lt be good-humour'd.

Snarl. What! would you bribe me to hold my Tongue?

Lure. Pray, what Offices are those?

Gaz. Nay, I have blab'd a Secret; but here are none but Friends ——— so I'll tell you. I was at my Lord ——— but no matter for Names ——— to'ther Day, so, while I was waiting in the Hall in come his Grace of—but no Matter, as I said before.

Snarl. Well, what does all this Preamble tend to?

Gaz. Oon's! are you mad, Sir, to interrupt—one? I forgot where I left off. Oh! so his Grace, after he had talked with my Lord some time, came out; and I heard him say there must be an Alteration made; but, if you should chance to speak of this now, I might be branded for a Betrayer of Secrets.

Snarl. A mighty Secret, truly; did you learn it from my Lord's Porter, or his Lacquey?

Lure. Nay, that's push'd too far.

Gaz. Ay, so it was; but I don't heed him,—Well, *Lurelove*, will you go with us?

Lure. I'll dress and follow ye.

Gaz. Come then, my dear good-natur'd Companion.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. [*knocking at the Door.*]

Tom crosses the Stage.

Tom. Hey Day! these are Duns, sure, they are so bold.

[*opens the Door.*]

D

S C E N E

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S C E N E V.

Tom, *Sir Roger and Ranger.*

Sir Rog. Jack, we have bounced 'em, i' Faith--ha ! where's your Master, you Villain ?—snoring, I suppose, like the first String of a Bass-Viol.

Tom. Why really, Sir, he's very much out of Tune this Morning.

Rang. Where is he ? Shew us to him, a sneaking Cur, to run away and leave us, when we had obtained the Victory too ; had he done it before, I should have taken it as a Mark of Cowardice : Where is he ?

Tom. He is gone to your House, *Sir Roger*, to breakfast with the Ladies.

Sir Rog. Are you sure that ish't a Lie ?

Tom. He is not gone, but he is dressing to go.

Sir Rog. Why, lookee there now, this it is to have strong Muscles ; no Man can look me in the Face, and tell a Lie,—Go tell him we are here, *Sirrah*.

S C E N E VI.

Sir Roger and Ranger.

Hiccup—Odso, this Sack and Claret don't agree with my Stomach.

Ran. What do you say, *Sir Roger* ?

Sir Rog. Say ! why, I say, the Sack and Claret in my Guts are like two Frontier-Towns in *Germany*, always quarrelling for Dominion.

Enter Lurelove dress'd.

Lure. *Sir Roger*, pray excuse this second Fault.

Sir Rog. Why, you Rogue, you ought to be served like a Playhouse-Bill, *i. e.* posted for leaving us ; but, however, thou art a good-natured young Fellow,
Jack,

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Jack, so I excuse you ; but your Man tells me you are going to my House to breakfast with my Niece.

Lure. Yes, Sir.

Sir Rog. Harkee, *Jack*, if you baffle any longer, I shall quarrel with you—In short, if before ten o'Clock this Night you don't get her Consent to marry you, never see my Face again.

Lure. If you'll go with me, Sir, and propose it, I don't know but I may ; —tho' Marriage is a galling Yoke.

Sir Rog. No, Sir, I'll go to the Coffee-house, talk Politicks, and rail at the Actions of the Ministry ; it is the Fashion : I'll levy and disband, raise Money, and expend it, o'er a Dish of Coffee, I find myself in a right Cue for it.

Ran. Because you are half drunk, I suppose.

Sir Rog. No, Sir, I am not drunk ; I am only, like most Coffee-house Politicians, a little addle-headed. —Tho' I'd have you know I love to encourage Drunkeness, because I am a loyal Subject, and would encrease the King's Taxes: besides, it is a Branch of Learning; for a Drunkard must be a good Arithmetician, because he's often forced to cast up his Accounts: so come along, we'll go some part of the Way with you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Sir Roger's House.*

Lucinda, Clara, Miss Hilding, Gazette, and Snarl at a Tea-Table.

Luc. Methinks, Colonel, you don't carry your usual Gaiety this Morning ; has any thing chagrin'd you ?

Gaz. I was, last Night, to sup with a Woman of Quality, who is acquainted with your Ladyship ; and she affirmed it for Truth, that you were on the Point of Marriage with a certain young Rake that shall be nameless.

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Clar. Psha! never heed Reports, Sir.

Snarl. Then he must never tell any more News.

Miss H. News! O dear, Sir, let us hear the News; O, I love News at my Heart.

Gaz. Lard! Madam, it grieves me, that High-crown'd-Hats should go out of Fashion; methinks, the Ladies look'd so innocent, and so pretty in 'em.

Snarl. Therefore, they went out of Fashion; for their Looks were too innocent for their Actions.

Gaz. Nay, I can't say but they were in the right of it; for, to accost a modern *Beile* with those innocent Looks, and when you come to converse with her, to find her a *Machiavel* in Sciences, must certainly be a great Disappointment to a Man.

Luc. O fye, Colonel! I thought our Sex had always been sure of you for an Advocate.

Snarl. They must have but a mean Opinion of themselves, who could pitch on him for an Advocate.

Gaz. Nay, now, dear Critick, you're rude to call the Ladies Judgment in Question, which has ever been esteemed better than ours.

Snarl. Yes, by Fellows that can live on the Twirl of a Fan, that can suck Honey from a Sigh, and make an excellent Meal on a Kiss of the Hand.

Clar. Colonel, I hope, you'll vindicate our Cause?

Gaz. Indubitably, Madam — and here comes one will second me, I am sure.

SCENE VIII. *To them Lurelove.*

Lure. Ladies, your most obedient; no Ceremony, Gentlemen, I beg.

Gaz. Dear *Jack*, we are engaged in a Dispute; which has the best Title to Wit, the fair Sex, or our own? I declare the Champion of the Fair.

Lure. And I must certainly agree with you; for Wit is as inseparable from Beauty as from Wealth, and she that has the latter will command the former

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mer: besides, if we rob 'em of their Title to Wit, we may as well take away their Beauty.

Gaz. Well, but *Jack*, those that are ugly will dispute for Wit: there's my Lady *Grimface*, and my Lady *Wash* and *Paint*, who never appear in one Face two Days; yet these will be reckoned Wits.

Snarl. Then they are, like thee, fond of their own Imperfections, and han't Wit enough to see that every Body despises 'em.

Lure. Indeed, Gentlemen, I fancy we might find some better Theme, than to affront Ladies thus to their Faces.

Clar. That's applying all that has been said to us; you have mended the Matter much, Sir.

Gaz. No, Ladies, you wrong him; he means that *Snarl's* Censure must needs be offensive to you.

Luc. Do you know the Meaning better than himself, Colonel?

Lure. The Gentleman has room enough to find out my Meaning; for, I am sure, he is not troubled with any himself.

Luc. Nay, that's ungenerous in you, Mr. *Lurelove*, to affront the Gentleman, when he has undertaken to vindicate you at the Expence of his Wit.

Lure. Mr. *Snarl* was the Occasion, Madam, and he ought to make Reparation.

Luc. (to *Clara*) The Fellow's so impertinent, I must plague him a little. Indeed, Mr. *Lurelove*, if you don't ask his Pardon, I shall be very angry——for, I assure you, the Colonel is a Favourite of mine.

Lure. Then, to oblige you, Madam, I'll do it,
——Sir——

Gaz. O dear *Jack*, no Apology.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha, poor *Lurelove*; well, I always thought you had more Sense, —— ha, ha, let us laugh at him, Colonel.

Gaz. Ha! ha! ha!

Snarl.

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Snarl. Right Woman, and right Coxcomb.

Luc. Nay, pr'ythee, *Lurelove*, don't be so serious.

Gaz. 'Faith, it makes thee look like Cardinal *Woolsey* in the Print, when he's discarded.

Lure. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do you mean? You may repent this Usage.

Luc. Well, another Time, good Sir : but, Colonel, I am going in the City to chuse some Cambricks, will you give me your Judgment?

Gaz. Madam, command your Slave, pr'ythee be merry, *Jack*, Ha! ha! ha!

S C E N E IX.

Snarl. Right Woman, egad ; you deify 'em too much, Mr. *Lurelove*, to make 'em love you.

Clar. You know her Temper, Sir ; and I wonder it can give you any Uneasiness, when you know it is only done to vex you——however, that you may make it up, I'll let you know when she comes home——Your Servant, you'll excuse me, Gentlemen ; for all the Care of the Family lyes on me.

S C E N E X.

Snarl. Psha ! never heed her —— she's light-headed ; Miss *Clara*'s worth ten of her.

Lure. But now I find, to my Sorrow, Sir, that I can't help it.——Are you engaged, Sir?

Snarl. Yes, Sir, to dine at *Lebeck's*.

Lure. Then I'll go find Sir *Roger*, and take a Whet before Dinner there o'er a friendly Bottle ; I'll strive to drown my Love with generous Wine, and scorn the inconstant Sex.

For, Women still, like *Meteors*, shun our View,
Fly when we follow ; when we fly pursue.

SCENE

SCENE I. Lucinda and Clara.

Luc. Well, at last, I have got rid of the ugly Monster; I hate him, only it plagued *Lurelove*: tho' I think to continue him in my Livery.

Clar. Poor *Lurelove* turned so, it grieved me to the Heart to see him. Indeed, Sister, you should not use him so; besides, I admire how you can manage so many Lovers at once?

Luc. O Child, we must have two or three Amours to make us talk'd of; for Woman will be but little the better for her Beauty, who can't make half a hundred Fellows believe she loves 'em, and, at last, disappoint 'em all: a Woman should be, like a Flint, my Dear, always full of Fire, but never consumed.

Clar. Well, for my Part, I see no Pleasure in being engaged in so many Amours at once.

Luc. No Pleasure, O Child! how insipidly you talk! what, is there no Pleasure in seeing a Fop dress, perfume, and writhe his Body into a thousand different Forms to please you? to see a Side-Box Beau die away at a Glance? a Poet in Raptures at one soft Look? to be caress'd by my Lord? roasted by his Grace? to be the Envy of our own malicious Sex, and the only Object courted by the Men? to have so many fine Things said to one? then there's the secret Pleasure of the Looking-glass, where we may count over our Conquests, and our Beauties, and pin up our Hair in *Billetdeux* and Songs.

Clar. Thou vain Thing!

Luc. Then the publick Pleasure of the *Mall*, the *Ring*, the *Ball*, the *Assembly*, the *Flay*; Oh insupportable! what, can you see no Pleasure in being follow'd down the *Mall* by a whole Crowd of harmless Beaus and Butterfly-Fops, that from all Quarters of the Compass salute you with the sweet Scent of

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of choice Perfumes; to see them all press forward, and think him happy that gets a Smile? then, if you drop your Glove, to see the Monkeys scramble, are these no Pleasures? Then the Pleasure a Woman has, that can command her Eyes; there lies our Master-piece of Art, to seem most innocent when we have most Mischief in our Minds: then Novelty, dear novelty. Oh! the Charms it has to have the Mind still entertain'd with the agreeable Variety of Change; and, instead of moping and drudging in one dull beaten Road of Constancy, to have still fresh Objects of Pleasure, administering their Aid to gratify our Senses. In my Conscience, it's enough for a Citizen to be dull and constant; but, a Woman of Spirit and Fortune should never continue in one Mind ten Minutes.

Clar. Indeed, Sister, you live up to your own Doctrine, for you seldom continue in one Mind two Minutes.

Luc. Well, Sister, Truce with your Reproaches; and now let me tell you how I am charm'd, I saw the most beautiful Fellow to-day that Eyes ever beheld,—— As soon as I saw him, the pleasing Idea enter'd at my Eyes, and through them pierc'd my Heart; I could no more look on the Colonel, but immediately fix'd 'em on him; O! that I could but find who he was.

Clar. Then he alone's beloved now, and the rest despised; but, do you intend absolutely to discard *Lurelove*?

Luc. No, only let him hang in Suspence a little; we shouldn't encourage one too much, lest he should grow *malapert*.

As Bees thro' all the flow'ry Meadows range,
And, to delight their Taste, each Moment change;
So should our Sex their Lovers pick and cull,
The Wit, the Cit, the Rake, the Beau, the Fool:
For, Love, like Fashions, oft its Mode should vary,
And she, who has many Lovers, can't miscarry.

The End of the Second ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in a Tavern.

Sir Roger, Lurelove, and Ranger.

Lure. COME, Sir, to the Health of our Sovereign, the Good of our Country, and the confusion of our Enemies,

Sir Rog. With all my Heart, I wish we had some of the *Abusers of Old Age*, here, that is Musicians who are always *beating* poor Time: but come, let's have a Song.

Ranger. And 'egad, we have stood up for it tightly, we attack'd a whole Coffee-house; Sir Roger with his Puns, and I, with now and then a significant Sneer, soon drove them out of their Outworks of Politicks: the Fops having augmented their Forces with Snuff, the grave Citizens with a Hum and a Haw, and the deeper Politicians with Coffee, soon rallied upon us, 'till at last Sir Roger began to pun so miserably, that we were forced to quit the Place.

Sir Rog. Od so! my Head's turn'd a Wit; for I think it makes it a Business to forget: this Letter must go into the City with all Speed, here you, Horse,——the Fellows don't understand Wit, I see here, Drawer!

Enter Servant.

Draw. Gentlemen, did you call?

Sir Rog. Give that Letter to a Porter, and bid him carry it as it is directed——so I shall
E make

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make him a great Man, by making him a Letter-Carrier ; for all your Heroes of old were *Post Boys*, because they carry'd *Mails* :—— but, my Lads, what say you to a Bumper of Brandy ? For I am very qualmish.

Ran. With all my Heart, Sir Roger.

Sir Ro. Harkye, where's your Breeches ? that is, your Master ; for Breeches have often *Drawers* under them : but, if he isn't in the Way, bid your Mistress fend up her Sister, that's the Brandy-Bottle, you stupid Cur.

Lure. A fine Compliment to the Ladies, I must confess, to compare 'em to Brandy-Bottles.

Sir Ro. Why, all Women are Bottles, because they are *bollow* and *brittle* ; some are Brandy-Bottles, because they have more Spirit within them than they can contain : Nay further, a virtuous Woman is a *Hungary-Water-Bottle*, comfortable to the Senses ; a Whore is a *Geneva-Bottle* fill'd with a Compound of Strong Waters ; a bad Wife is a *Stone-Bottle*, seldom wears out, but is damn'd troublesome to bear ; a pious *Presbyterian* old Dame is a 'Pothecary's Phyal, fill'd with Slops ; a handsome young Damsel is a *Smelling-Bottle* that revives the Senses ; and an old Maid is a *Vinegar-Bottle* hard cork'd, and can't be drawn without a *Screw*.

Lure. You are a good Orator, Sir George ; this is something like the *Chimes of the Times*.

S C E N E II.

To them a stammering Constable.

Con. Sir, I heard your Honour was in the House, and I have a Gentleman has quarrel'd, in the House, Sir ; and I was advis'd to bring him before your Worship.

Lure.

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Lure. What's his Name?

Con. Snarl.

Lure. Odso, I know him very well; he's a Critick, I'll lay fifty Guineas this Quarrel arose from some Piece of Wit.

Sir Ro. A Critick! O pray bring him in, I'll teaze him, I warrant you.

Ran. Please to permit us to withdraw, Sir Roger, because he knows us.

S C E N E . III.

Sir Roger, Constable, and Snarl bloody.

Sir Ro. I am sorry to see a Gentleman of your Age and Gravity in such a Condition; pray what was the Reason that you affronted any Gentleman, that it induced him to use you thus? Or, what could provoke you to assault him?

Snarl. Why really, Sir, I was doubly provok'd; in the first Place, the pert powder'd Coxcomb told me, the *Blazing Comet* was an excellent Play; and that he thought the Author deserved Encouragement above any of our modern Poets. I was so enraged to hear such bombastical Nonsense and incoherent Stuff call'd a *Play*, and the Author stiled among the sacred Name of Poets, that I flung a Glass of Wine in his Face; upon which he fell'd me to the Ground, said he was *Wine gall'd*; and ask'd me, if I was not convinc'd with his *knock-down* Argument? Now, I'll leave your Worship to judge if I had not Provocation enough to quarrel with all Mankind.

Sir Ro. Lookye, Sir, since you are such an Enemy to Puns, I think it was a just *Punishment*.

Snarl. So, now I am in worse Hands than before. [*aside.*] Good Sir, either discharge me, or

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deliver me into the Custody of the Constable, to inflict what Punishment you think fit on me.

Sir Ro. You have stumbled upon the right, Sir, the Constable is as proper as any body to punish you; for you must know I always chuse my Officers according to their Profession: so I always make a Shoemaker a Constable; for they can set a Man in the *Stocks*, and ease him at the *Last*.

Con. There your Worship *stretch'd* for a Pun, but you gain'd your *End* to a *Hair*.

Sir Ro. Sirrah, if you criticise upon me, I'll make you pack up your *Awls*, and hobble off, and then there will be an *End* of your Authority.

Snarl. Pray, Sir, don't keep me in Suspence; consider my Age and my Condition.

Sir Ro. Condition! ay, Sir, I'll soon ease your Condition; you Constable, get the Gentleman a Bastard, and put a Footman in it.

Con. Ha, ha, what does your Worship mean?

Sir Ro. Why, get a Bason and some Water; a *Base Son* is a Bastard, and a Footman is a *Waiter*, you thick-sculld Cur.

Snarl. O terrible!

Con. Egad! there I was barren, I confess; but your Worship has a fruitful Head.

Snarl. Ay, like a Garden overstock'd with Mud, fruitful in nothing but Weeds. Well, sure of all Plagues this is the worst.

Sir Rog. No, Sir, not by a great many, a scolding Wife is worse; for they are like *Horse-radish*, hot in the Mouth.

Snarl. Ev'n *Socrates's* Wife was an Angel to you in Conversation--pray, Sir, discharge me.

Sir Rog. Hold, Sir, not so fast; why, you are like Bottled-Ale in Summer, fly in my Face.

Snarl. Oons! Sir, do you detain me on purpose to insult me? But take Care; for, tho' I appear so despicable now, yet I am a Gentleman, and expect civiler Usage,

Sir

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Sir Rog. Pray, Sir, who are you, and what are you?

Snarl. The most unhappy Wretch in the World to fall into your Hands.

Sir Rog. Why ay, Offenders are always loath to come into the Hands of *Justice*; but pray, Sir, answer me to the Purpose, what are you?

Snarl. Sir, I have Reasons that induce me to conceal myself.

Sir Rog. Reasons; then I suppose you are a Grocer.

Con. An please your Worship, I was told he is a Poet, and a Critick.

Sir Rog. A Poet, O Sir, I reverence you; please to drink a Dram, I suppose you are a *Dram o'tick Poet*; therefore, Sir, when you write a Play, I would advise you to get an Alderman of the City to assist you; for tho' they are no Conjurers at a Plot, yet they are excellent good at a *Compter-Plot*, come fetch him a Dram of *Rum*, for he Looks very *queer*.

Snarl. Oons, Sir, I can bear such senseless Stupidity, and Jangle of Words no longer.

Sir Rog. I fancy all Poets must be good Anglers, because they make *Lines*---But, Sir, if you don't care for a Dram, will you have some Ale, that you may answer me *Ale-gorically*?

Snarl. Thou Enemy to Sense, and Plague to all quiet Thoughts, what have I done to be thus tormented? Sir, if you persist in this *Gothic* Dialect, I shall be tempted to commit some greater Outrage than I have already.

Sir Rog. If you persist to talk at this Rate, I shall serve you as the Hatter has done my Hat--*Bind you over*.

Snarl. O the Devil! Confusion! stop your Clack; of all Coxcombs, sure none can equal the affected Pedant. Your Jest's are either old flea'd Proverbs, or lean starved *Hackney* Apothegms.

Sir

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Sir Rog. And your Mouth is like a *Parentthesis*; all you have said might have been left out.

Snarl. I think you and all Punsters are like Toy-shops full of Rattles, that are fit only to divert Fools and Children.

Sir Rog. Sir, Criticks are like Snakes, always hissing; they are Ravens, always croaking round the Carcase of a new Play; and *Raving-Mad* if it takes. They are, like *Sampson*, apt to pull an old House about their Ears; they are Wasps, that destroy the Honey of industrious Poets; tho' I think you look like an old Drone.

Snarl. And you are, like a Lawyer at the Bar, long-winded enough to speak more Nonsense with Ease, than any Man can endure to hear with Patience.

Sir Rog. Most Poets are like *Pirates*, steal from one another; and that's the Reason their Works won't keep long above Water——But pray, Sir, what's the Name of that Wig you have on?

Snarl. Why, Sir?

Sir Rog. Because I'd have every Man wear a Wig suitable to his Calling; as, for Instance, Criticks should wear full Bottom Wigs, because they set up for Judges, and very severe Judges, too apt to condemn right or wrong; Soldiers should wear Campaign-Wigs, because they belong to the Wars; and a 'Pothecary should wear a *Cantharides* Wig, that is, a *Spanish-Fly*.

Snarl. Why, Sir, you have talk'd so long that the very Room stinks of Puns.

Sir Rog. That is, because they are the Excrements of Wit; Huzza! a roasted Critick! since you are so apt to baste People for punning, I thought it proper to roast you for it; so now I have done with the Gentleman, you may use him like a loaded Fowling-piece.

Con.

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Con. How's that, and please your Worship?

Sir Rog. Why, discharge him, you Gunpowder-look'd Rogue. Now, *Jack*, I come to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Sir Roger's House, Lucinda and Betty.*

Luc. Lard! *Betty*, isn't it strange, that that Creature *Lurelove* can have the Vanity to think, that I can ever confine myself to one Man?

Bet. Indeed he has, Madam,---nay, and is grown so vain upon it, that he thinks himself sure of you.

Luc. Why, I can't say but I should like the Fellow well enough, if he hadn't quite so much Sense; I love to see my Lover at my Feet, to have the Pleasure of torturing him: besides, it is with me in Lovers, as in my Thoughts, one continually succeeds another; as for Instance, now I like *Lurelove*, now I hate him; now I think *Airy* a pretty Fellow, and a Wit; now I see he's no better than a Fool; now I am in love with *Sprightly*, tho' hang him, he's an ugly Fellow; then there's *Snarl*, that is the ugliest Fellow; tho' now I think on't, I like him well enough; then here's Colonel *Gazette*! oh! I am dying for him.—Well, *Betty*, I am in a nice Humour to be courted now! Oh! if *Lurelove* was but here, how I would teaze him; O I love to teaze the filthy Brutes, don't you?

Bet. Really, Madam, I think you use Mr. *Lurelove* very ill--but I dare say he's even with you; for, it is reported, he courts Lady *Toothless*, the rich old Widow.

Luc. Let him take her--But sure the Fellow isn't such a Fool, as to throw himself away upon an old Hag.

Bet. Lard! Madam, here he is.

SCENE

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S C E N E V.

Lucinda, Betty, Lurelove and Clara.

Lure. Sir *Roger* desires your good Company in the *Park*, Madam, Miss *Clara* will give us the Honour of her Company.

Luc. Then you shall have mine too—but Mr. *Lurelove*, don't you remember the Affront I gave you this Morning, arn't you very angry with me?

Clara. Nay, Sister, that's unfair to begin old Quarrels anew.

Lure. Really, Madam, I had forgot it—but every thing you do has such a Charm, that it's impossible to be angry with you.

Luc. Nay, if you begin to compliment, I don't know what to say to you; I see he wo'n't be tortur'd. [*aside.*]

Clara. Well, Sister, are you ready for the *Park*.

Luc. I wait only the Pleasure of Mr. *Lurelove's* taking my Hand.

Lure. Madam ————— [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *The Park.*

Sir Roger and Ranger.

Sir Rog. Psha! never heed him, he's in Love; stabb'd thro' the Brains with an Eye.

Rang. So am I in Love; but no fighting, no pining, no amorous Ditties, I hate them.

Sir Rog. You in Love; pray what sort of a Heathen are you, that is, who is the Goddess you adore?

Ran. Your Niece *Clara*, Sir.

Sir Rog. Ay! She's a good sober Girl, and thou shalt have her.

S C E N E

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SCENE VII.

To them Gazette and Snarl.

Gaz. Gentlemen, your most obedient,---I'll tell you News, my Dears ; there is to be a Reduction in the Army, and all Sucklings, Powderpuffs, and Cowards, are to be turn'd out.

Ran. Then I am afraid the Army will be quite broke, if they are all such Officers as you. [*Aside.*

Gaz. No, no, Sir, — but, Sir *Roger*, let me introduce this Gentleman to you.

Snarl. As I live, this is he I was before this Morning. [*Aside.*

Gaz. This Gentleman, Sir, is a Man of excellent Sense, but a little quarrelsome — he loves a Pun at his Heart, tho'.

Snarl. 'Tis false, Sir, I hate such Nonsense, such a Chime of Words.

Gaz. Teaze him a little, do, old Fox.

Sir Rog. Why really, Sir, Puns proceed from an empty Scull ; because the Man that is guilty of it, must certainly be full of Nonsense.

Gaz. O that's a Contradiction! — Ha! ha! ha! Critick, how can you bear that?

Snarl. I never heard such incoherent, stupid Nonsense; for Heaven's Sake ; Colonel, let us leave 'em : Psha! never heed 'em, Man; laugh at 'em, laugh at 'em.

Snarl. Why, he's drunk, ——— he's in Liquor.

Sir Rog. No, Sir, the Liquor's in me, and I am a Philosopher ; for all Drunkards think right, because they fancy the World goes round : besides, Sir Critick, Liquor is like Learning, a little distracts you; and a great deal sobers you again. So, to shew you I am not in Drink, I'll go and take a Whet of Claret at the Royal Vineyard.

F

Gaz.

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Gaz. Lard ! Sir Roger ! what, drink Claret in a Morning ! O for Shame, Coffee is much wholesomer.

Sir Rog. Your Officers should never quarrel with Claret, because it has the Resemblance of Blood.

Ran. Coffee is only fit for Beaux ; those pretty-dapper Things, who take it for the Head-ach, to cleanse the *Vacuum*, where their Brains should lye.

Sir Rog. Right, my Boy ; because Beaux, like Children's Clouts, are *often in the Suds*.

Snarl. Confound thee.

SCENE VIII. *To them Lurelove.*

Gaz. O *Jack*, you are indebted to me ; for I esquired your Mistress with a deal of Care.

Lure. I am oblig'd to you, Sir.

Gaz. 'Faith, *Jack*, don't be angry ; but I must supplant you : she is so tempting, that I can't avoid it ; and I believe she begins to be in Love with me.

Lure. Impudent Coxcomb !

Gaz. I see her on a Bench yonder. I know you'll pardon me, *Lurelove* ; but she'll languish to Death, if I don't comfort her. — Criticks, *al-lons*.

SCENE IX.

Sir Roger, Ranger, and Lurelove.

Sir Rog. Did you bring *Lucinda* with you?

Lure. Yes, Sir, I only come to acquaint you with it.

Ran. We shan't go to 'em, for we are going to the Tavern.

Lure. Well, you'll dispense with me, Gentlemen, for I can't bear that Coxcomb's Impertinence.

Sir

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 35

Sir Rog. Then you are resolved very wisely to go back, and shew yourself a Fool.

Lure. I must go, for she's my Fate.

Sir Rog. In my Conscience, I think, a Woman is like a *Fiddle* to her Lover.

Ran. Why so, Sir?

Sir Rog. Because she always makes him *dance* after her: so *Jack*, farewell; you'll find us at the *Vineyard*, there's excellent Wine.

S C E N E X.

Scene draws and discovers Lucinda, Clara, Gazette, and Snarl on a Bank, Miss Hilding and Betty playing.

Luc. And do you really think Women the most agreeable Part of the Creation?

Snarl. Yes, Madam.

Gaz. O! he's strangely alter'd in his Principles since the Morning, Madam; he admires the whole Sex, but he *adores* your Ladyship.

Snarl. For Shame, Madam; I hope you have more Sense than to believe him—the 'I can't but own, I think you are two the most agreeable young Ladies I ever met with.

Miss H. Don't you think all Women are alike, Sir? Now, for my Part, I think my Grandmother of fourscore as agreeable in her Way, as I am in mine.

Snarl. That may be, Mrs. *Pert*: for she can handle a Distaff, perhaps, as well as you can a Doll.

Miss H. A Doll, Sir; I'd have you to know I scorn your Words: I'll assure you, Sir, a young Gentleman, and a handsome one too (not like you) told me I was too old, and too handsome, to play with

36 *The COQUET's Surrender; Or,*
a Doll: nay, and he gave me a Chair home; didn't
he, Cousin *Lucinda*? You know him very well.

Snarl. Confound this Girl's Impertinence.

Miss H. I'll assure you, Sir! am I to be snubb'd by
you?

Gaz. Psha! don't heed him, Miss; there's my
pretty Dear.

Snarl. Really Madam, the *Mall* is much indebt-
ed to you for your Presence; for it never was so
pleasant before.

Gaz. O Mrs. *Lucinda*, like the Sun, cheers all
around her.

Miss H. And pray, does my Coz. *Clara* do no-
thing, Sir?

Snarl. O yes, she's so charming, that Words can't
speak her Praise,—but you seem chagrin'd, Ma-
dam.

Clar. Umph, Sir.

Luc. My Sister is a little contemplative, Sir.

Snarl. Very fine Company, I must confess, one eter-
nally talking, and the other struck dumb with Con-
templation. [*Aside.*] Madam, I must beg Pardon.

[*Going.*

Luc. You shan't leave us, Sir; hold him, Miss.

Miss H. Nay, Sir, you shan't get loose; for, I
am us'd to play at Blindman's Buff, and can hold
fast,—O dear Cousin, help me.

Snarl. S'death! stand off.

Luc. Follow him, Miss, and plague him.

Miss H. So I will, Coz. and tell him of my Romps
and Plays in the Country, Horcockles, Questions
and Commands, hunt the Slipper, and—and Row-
ley-Poley—Oh!

Snarl. Confusion!

[*During this Speech he struggles to be gone ;
she clings round him till at last he shakes
her off, and runs out.*

Miss H. Oh! oh! oh! he has almost kill'd me, he
has so; but I'll be reveng'd of him.

Luc.

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 37

Luc. Ay, so thou shalt, Child; thou shalt marry him.

Miss H. I'll go after him, and plague him.

[*runs out.*]

Luc. Betty, follow her.

Clara. I am engaged at this Hour at Lady *Trickem's*, you'll excuse my Rudeness, Colonel.

Gaz. Madam, there needs no Compliment; the fair Sex always command with me.

S C E N E XI.

Lucinda and Gazette.

Luc. You are so perfectly complaisant, Colonel, that sure no Woman can refuse your Addresses that you condescend to make Love to.

Gaz. Egad! she's in Love with me. Why, really, Madam, I have been pretty successful in my Amours of late. [*Lurelove at the Side Scene.*]

Luc. Oh, your Servant, Sir; now, if you have any Spirit in you, Mr. *Lurelove*, I'll make you fume. [*aside.*] Dear Colonel, you'll think me impertinent; or else I'd ask your Opinion of our Beauties, and who you like best?

Gaz. As I thought, she wants me to say her; but I am resolved to plague her. [*aside.*] Why, there's Lady *Languish* has a pretty good Cast with her Eye, but she's apt to squint a little; there's Lady *Ceruse* is a Beauty—when she is painted: but she has that Misfortune, that she never appears with a regular Complexion. I saw her at the *Opera* last Night with two different Eye-brows, one black, and the other fair——It seems she dress'd in a Hurry, and put it on by Mistake.

Luc. Well, but——Colonel, I am sure you think me handsome?

Gaz.

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Gaz. Oh! Madam, without Dispute:

Luc. And I think no Man, that I can bestow myself on, better than Collonel *Gazette*.

[lays her Hand on his.

Gaz. Hey day! why should I be backward tho'? Madam, you have raised such a Palpitation in my Heart, that if you don't lay it, I am afraid it will be the Death of me.

[kisses her.

Luc. Will you give me your Company home with me?

Gaz. Madam, if you'll permit me. *[going.*

SCENE XII. *To them Lurelove.*

Ha! Mr. *Lurelove*, your most obedient; will you meet me at the Coffee-house in an Hour? I am engaged, you see, at present.

Lure. Then I shall disengage you, Sir.

[pushes him down, and takes her Hand.

Luc. What means this Insult, Sir, in my Presence?

Lure. Why do you admit such Coxcombs into your Presence?

Gaz. 'Faith, *Jack*, I should resent this Usage, but I consider you have lost your Mistress: so I look on you as a Madman, and pity you.

Lure. Am I reduced to have *thy* Pity, thou Butterfly, thou Nothing, thou empty Caterpillar?

Luc. Nay, good Mr. *Lurelove*, don't be in a Passion, but pray let go my Hand.

Lure. Your Hand is mine, if not your Heart, Madam; and this I will maintain my Right to.

Gaz. Pooh! let him take it; a Hand's but a Trifle, when all the rest is mine.

Lure. 'Sdeath, thou Ape, dost thou insult me?

Luc.

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 39

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! the poor Creature's mad. Get out of his Way, Colonel.

Lure. I'll fend him. Take that, and that, &c. [*kicks him off*] Now, Madam, I desire if you can be serious.

Luc. Pray don't ask it of me; for, upon my Word, I can't ——— for, I am very angry ——— how dare you approach me, Sir, after such a Manner?

Lure. I want to have you hear Reason, Madam.

Luc. I hope you'll bring some body else to talk it. Can a Lover talk Reason? ——— Ha, ha, ha.

Lure. I beg you'd hear me.

Luc. Well, I will be serious ——— pry'thee tell me, don't you think the Colonel a clever Man?

Lure. I see it signifies nothing to be serious, I must e'en attack her in her own Way. — [*aside*. Why really, Madam, I must confess the Colonel is a pretty Fellow; but, if you would see Beauty, it lyes among your own Sex: *Sylvia*, there's a young Lady fresh and blooming as a Rose.

Luc. What a genteel easy Manner the Colonel has?

Lure. What a Presence *Sylvia* has, an Air majestic, yet not haughty; charming, yet not affected?

Luc. The Colonel is so engaging, every thing he does seems as if it was natural to him.

Lure. *Sylvia* so witty, that every Word's a Charm, and every Thought is Ecstasy.

Luc. Why do you like her, Mr. *Lurelove*?

Lure. Oh! to Adoration, Madam; I sigh, I pine, I languish, and sometimes rave and storm; and when I am from her, as *Otway* says,

The Moments move in Heaviness away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

Luc.

40 *The COQUET's Surrender; Or,*

Luc. From her! why, were you ever in her Company?

Lure. Often, Madam; it is impossible to love any Woman to the Pitch I do her without having some Conversation with her: besides, I am just going to wait on her.

Then you are just the Reverse of me, for I never like any Body after I have been once in their Company——but I find, Mr. *Lurelove*, you are not the Man I took you for.

Lure. Not the Fool you took me for——but I beg Pardon for my Rudeness; you may follow your Coxcomb now, and console with him, for I must leave you.

Luc. You are so satyrical, Mr. *Lurelove*, that I am glad I was never guilty of any Follies to fall under your Lash.

Lure. I know not what Apprehensions you are under as to that; but we all know

That Woman's Virtue will admit Disguise,
Yet never seem the worse to human Eyes. [*Exit.*

Luc. When senseless whining Fools approach
our Sex,
Their Love grows nauseous, and their Sighs perplex;
But to the daring Lover 'tis well known,
That active Spirit brings the stoutest down;

The End of the Third Act.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Tavern. Sir Roger and Ranger.

Sir Ro. PSHA! never heed her, she's a young giddy-headed Girl: Now, were I to advise you, you should marry Mrs. Moneyday the rich Widow; for, you being a younger Brother, and born to no Lands, ought to plough in another *Man's Soil*: Now, he that marries a rich Widow is a Cut-purse, and that's the surest Trade; for he has no sooner done than the Money's in his Hand.

Ran. But Money isn't the only Thing one would chuse, *Sir Roger*; for Wit and good Sense are far preferable.

Sir Ro. Pooh! you silly Cur, Wealth's better than Wit. Did you ever know a Poet made an Alderman, or a Critick a Lord Mayor?

SCENE II. *To them Lurelove.*

Sir Ro. Well, what Success with *Lucinda*?

Lure. At the old Rate, Sir, rallying each other, conning our Conquests; but not a Word to the Purpose: I kick'd her Coxcomb for her, tho'.

Sir Ro. Well, never heed it, Boy; Wit and Wisdom are, like the Web and Woof of the Cloth: so, Women's Souls were never made up — for all Women are but the same Meaning put in divers Words — so, Jack, here's to thee.

G

SCENE

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Tom. Sir, I have been all over the Town to see for you; I am almost out of Breath: O—— po—— po—— a Porter left this Letter, Sir, with strict Orders, that I should give it you immediately.

Sir Ro. What is it? — Communicate.

Lure. It's a dangerous Secret, Sir.

Sir Ro. Then put it into a Woman's Bosom, and no wise Man will search there: but what is't? come reveal, we are all Friends.

Lure. 'Tis a Challenge from *Gazette*, the Puppy that was with *Lucinda*——you'll be my Second, *Ranger*?

Sir Ro. Pooh! you silly Dog, go to *Newgate* for a Second; Prisoners are certainly the best *Fencers*, because they lie at *Clox Ward*.

Lure. But I don't care to fight, till I know what I fight for; so, *Tom*, go you to *Sir Roger's*, and ask *Mrs. Betty* to what Point of Mankind her Lady has turn'd her Affections to day?

Tom. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Sir Roger, Ranger and Lurelove.

Sir Roger. But, if you should be kill'd now in this Duel, what must my poor Girl do for her Husband?

Ran. She must marry the Colonel.

Sir Ran. I don't like it; you shan't fight, *Jack*.

Lure. I hope, Sir, you wou'd n't have me posted for a Coward.

Sir Ro. A Coward! Pooh! a Coward's better than a Captain; for a Goose lives longer than a Cock of the Game.

Lure. It signifies nothing Sir, for I am resolv'd to make the Villain repent his scurrility.

Sir

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Sir Ro. I can't say but you are in the right on't, *Jack*; I love a Man of Spirit; but, my Lads will you go with me to Dinner? 'twill be ready in about an Hour, so we'll sit and chat at Home in the mean Time; I have a Venison Pastty and a good Quarter of Lamb; so you Rogues, you shall be mortify'd with a *Lamb on-Table* Dinner.

Ran. That's a lamentable Pun, *Sir Roger*; but however, we'll comply with your Request.

Sir Ro. Lead on, lead on then.

S C E N E V.

An Apartment in Sir Roger's House.

Tom and Betty.

Tom. Well *Betty*, thou art a most bewitching Girl.

Betty. Ah! *Tom*, if your Master and my Lady should make a Match, how happily we should live together?

Tom. Ay so we should, *Betty*,——but pray how goes the Match forwards? I ask you, because Chambermaids commonly know their Mistresses Secrets better than they themselves.

Betty. Oh! she loves him to Distraction; but she's so perverse, and takes such Delight to torture People, that I am afraid they'll never come together.

Tom. Ah! dear *Betty*, do forward it as much as possible.

[*Luc.* within. *Betty, Betty.*]

Betty. O Lud! What shall I do? my Mistress will find you, and I shall be ruin'd.

Tom. Hide me, hide me somewhere; thus Pleasure never comes sincere.

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Betty. Get into the Closet, and conceal yourself.

[*Puts him in the Closet*]

[*Luc. within. Betty, Betty.*]

Betty. Here, Madam.

S C E N E VI.

Betty, Lucinda, Clara *and Miss* Hilding.

Luc. [*with a Paper.*] O Betty! you must stand our Friend, or we are ruin'd: — Here's a Paper the Colonel dropt out of his Pocket; it seems to be the foul Copy of a Challenge: and by some Hints he dropt, I guess he has sent one to *Lure-love*.

Betty. Well, Madam, I hope you don't want me for his Second?

Luc. No, you must be our Second; you must go to the Colonel with an Assignment from me, to meet him at the Time fix'd, at a Place a Mile or two distant from where they are to meet.

Betty. What you please, Madam; learn me my Lesson, and I warrant you I do it.

Clar. Well, Sister, defer that a little, whilst I beg her Assistance for a Plot I have laid: — You know we agreed to trick *Snarl*; — I have prevail'd on Miss to marry him.

Miss H. Yes, that I will; and will so plague him, you can't imagine.

Clar. Now you must know, — I have learn'd, by a Spy that I have employ'd, that *Snarl* is deeply in Love with Miss *Puny Paleface*, the great Heiress in *Shrewsbury*. Miss is about her Size, and may easily pass on him in a Disguise. — Now if Betty can prevail on any one of her Lovers, to offer himself as Footman to *Snarl*, it may produce a Scene answerable to our Wishes; what do you say Betty, will you undertake it?

Betty.

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 45

Betty. Yes, Madam, and effect it too; or may I ever lose the Profits of my Place.

Miss H. O dear! it will be charming Fun; do go and write the Letter, dear Cousin, I long to be at it.

Luc. I will, my Dear; *Betty* wait here, I'll come to you immediately.

S C E N E VII.

Betty and Tom.

Betty. Hift! hift! the Coast's clear,—now make your Escape.

Tom. My dear Soul, adieu.

Betty. You have heard what *Miss Clara* and my Mistress have been consulting, improve those Hints.

Tom. Fear not, my Life; and, in the mean Time, don't you be idle, but serve my Master; for, by assisting him, you oblige me.

Betty. O *Thomas*! canst thou think I am not intirely in thy Interest; I serve my Mistress 'tis true; but I am a Friend to you; —but fly.

S C E N E VIII.

Betty, Lucinda, and Whetstone.

Luc. This Letter you must give to a Porter to carry to Mr. *Snarl*; and that to Colonel *Gazette*, [to *Whetstone*] Well *Betty*, now to my Business; I have a farther Thought in my Head; I have made an Assignment with Colonel *Gazette*, as I told you I would; but I would have you meet him there.

Betty. Lard! Madam; but, if he should offer any Thing rude to me.

Luc.

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Duc. Psha! I hope you are not afraid of that at these Years.

Betty. Lard! Madam, I'll tell you who will be serviceable to us in this Project. — *Tom*, Madam, *Mr. Lurelove's* Man.

Luc. Ay, he's a good smart Fellow, — will you engage him?

Betty. I'll command him, Madam.

Luc. You are like all our Sex I see; but remember, *Betty*, that whenever we boast of our Power over a Man, we always betray our own Weakness. But I'll leave it to your Management.

Betty. I'll about it instantly.

S C E N E IX.

Sir Roger, Lurelove and Ranger.

Ran. A Critick in Love! I must confess, 'tis something odd.

Sir Ro. Sure he never can miss the *Critical Minute*.

Ran. Well, but now Raillery apart; though I laugh so much at him, yet you must know I am in Love myself, and would have thee tell me how thou hast behaved thyself, and what I must expect.

Lure. Love is a Bog, where no one ever treads in Safety; and Wit and Women, two frail Things, are both frailer by concurring: Beauty is the Coach that carries us to our Mistress, and Wealth the Horses to draw it: Absence sharpens Love, Presence strengthens it; one brings Fuel, and the other blows it till it burns clear: Love often breaks Friendship, tho' Friendship always increaseth Love. In short, it is a *Something* not to be defined.

Sir

+

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 47

Sir Ro. Not to be defined; why, I'll tell you what it is. First, it is a Glow-Worm, because it shines only by Night: Secondly, it is a *Mole*, because it works in secret: Thirdly, it is an Arithmetician; for it *subtracts* a Man's Virtues, it *divides* his Senses, *multiplies* his Cares, and *reduces* him to a *Cypher*, till he is ruin'd by *Fractions*; and yet still, in Spite of Fate, he'll *practice* it; and reckons it his only *Golden Rule*; till at last he ends where he should have begun; *numbers* up his Misfortunes, and, by *adding* one Sin more, *casts up* the Sum total of his Life in a Line, and wisely hangs himself.

Ran. Such Discouragement from old Sinners, give but little Comfort to a young one.

Lure. Nay, Faith, *Ranger*, I don't discourage you; the Love you are infected with, commonly bears some Resemblance to the Woman who inspires it. If you address a Coquet, every Atom of your Brains turns to Windmills and Whirligigs; if a Prude you abhor your Sex; if one of a merry Disposition, Fiddles, Balls and Serenades employ all your Time; if a great Fortune, you count over a Heap of Pelf before you are Master of a Farthing; if a poor one, you are perplex'd with Thoughts how to live for the future: for, throughout Mankind, tho' we govern all besides, yet Women govern us.

We yield, without Resistance, to their Sway;
And if their Eyes command, we must obey:
For Beauty can the strongest Power move,
And awe the fiercest Heart to Fear and Love.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Park. Snarl with a Letter.

Snarl. **L**ET me see, ha! from Miss Puny Pale-face. *I stole up to Town*—humph—*am in a Scots Habit*—humph—*you'll find me at*—humph—*I have a Licence*—um! *and will marry you immediately.* So, this is good News indeed; I'll bid the *London Ladies* Adieu. *Mrs. Lucinda*, look to't, my Wife will outshine you—*Heiress to Thirty Thousand Pounds!*—a very pretty Thing, ha, ha, ha, this is good, i'faith—I'll go and snap thee up, my Dear, and then I'll bid the World Defiance.

SCENE II.

Snarl, and Tom as a Welshman.

Tom. So, here he is! now have at him. [*aside.* Cot pless your Orship, and send you long Life and happy Days.

Snarl. Well, Sir, who are you?

Tom. Hur was a poor *Welshman* out of Place, and woud be fery glad of some good Service; hur came into *London* as I came into the World, and carry'd hur Shoes and Stockings in hur Pocket, because they should not wear out on the Way—it is the Fashion of *Wales*.

Snarl.

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 49

Snarl. A good honest frugal Fellow, I find, and may be useful to me — Well, Friend, what Part of *Wales* do you come from?

Tom. *Sheer Trevaldown* — that is, in *English*, *Montgomery-shire*.

Snarl. Very well, and what's your Name?

Tom. *T'omas, William, Harry shone Howel.*

Snarl. Ha, ha, right *Welsh* with a Witness — Were you ever in a Gentleman's Service?

Tom. *Och vee!* yes indeed many Years; I was live at *Ludlow* with a very honest Lawyer, who used to give good Wages to all his Servants, and allow very handsome for the wear and tear of Conscience in his Service, as he call'd it: but he did make a die of it, he was too good for this World; hur had a great Loss of him indeed: then hur went to Mr. *Sparenone*, another great Lawyer in *Shrewsbury*, who was turn hur away, because hur would not swear as he would have hur.

Snarl. Ha, *Shrewsbury*, say you?

Tom. Yes indeed, he said, for the future, he would have none but *Irish* Servants; for they were the fittest for Lawyers, because they make the best Evidence.

Snarl. Well, well, but 'harkee, do you know Miss *Puny Paleface* of *Shrewsbury*?

Tom. What, the little great Heirefs, *Och vee!* Misteer, know her! ay, inteed, as well as I do the *Wrekin*: as that is above all Mountains in that Country, so is her Fortune to all the Ladies thereabouts.

Snarl. Right again, this is Confirmation with a Witness. Well, *Snarl*, thou art a lucky Dog [*aside.*] Friend, I have at this Time Occasion for a Servant, and if we can agree about Wages, I'll hire you instantly.

Tom. *Och vee!* I shall not be unreasonable.

Snarl. Well, what will you have?

H

Tom,

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Tom. What your Orship pleases, and your cast-off Cloaths, if you please : I will come upon Tryal, and you shall pay me according to my Merits, that is, if I have any.

Snarl. Content ; be it so then, and let me tell you, you are come in a good Time for Vails ; for I am just going to be married to a very great Fortune, and of your Acquaintance too : there's a Mystery for you, Sirrah !

Tom. So, that's well ! *[Aside.*

Snarl. She's waiting at the Tavern for me, with all the Expectation of a longing Maid.

Tom. Better still !

Snarl. The Parson and Licence are all ready ; and in an Hour's Time every Bell in the Parish shall ring *Consummatum est*.

Tom. Best of all ! it takes finely, Ha ! ha ! ha ! old one, you are bit, I'Faith. *[Aside.]* This is prave Luck, indeed, Truth ! and pray now, shall I go to the Wedding with your Master ?

Snarl. Yes ; but you must say you have lived with me this half Year ; you can tell a Lie, upon Occasion, can't you ?

Tom. Ay, in Truth, can I ; Och ! Vee ! I have not lived with two Lawyers for nothing, I hope.

Snarl. Come along then, I'll give you some Instructions as we go.

Tom. I'll follow him close till the Wedding's over. Then to my Master I'll the Plot discover.

S C E N E III.

Sir Roger's House. Lucinda and Betty.

Luc. Well, *Betty*, I thank you for this Contrivance ; if *Tom* manages but right, we need fear nothing.

Bet. I left Miss at the Tavern waiting, and I sent *Tom* to get in with him.

LUC.

The HUMOROUS PUNSTER. 51

Luc. Well, *Betty*, thou art an admirable Girl.

Bet. Ah Madam! I wish *Mr. Lurelove* and you were come together once.

Luc. Why, *Betty*, I am afraid we shall soon—but, what have you done about the Colonel?

Bet. I have had no Answer to the Letter, Madam; so I presume, by that, he'll meet us at the Place appointed.

Luc. Well, be sure, and be ready; it draws near the Time.

Bet. I'll go directly.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Lucinda and Lurelove.

Luc. So, *Mr. Lurelove*; how can you approach me, after you have affronted the Colonel so?

Lure. I came to ask Pardon for it.

Luc. Nay, don't look so grave; that serious Look strikes such Awe into one.

Lure. Well, Madam, take your Jest, and have done; for I am come to hear you speak Truth, and give me a positive Answer.

Luc. *Mr. Lurelove* may command any thing from me.

Lure. Then, I only beg the Favour of you to hear me for a few Minutes with Patience.

Luc. 'Tis granted, and I wish it was over.

Lure. I have long loved you, and by all my Actions have shewn an entire Satisfaction in whatever you have said and done. Now.—

Luc. Well, go on.

Lure. I expect you should no longer feed my Fancy with airy Hopes, but answer directly one Way or t'other.

Luc. You have enjoin'd too hard a Task on me, indeed; I suppose you have some more Requests of the

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like Kind; so I beg Leave to quit your Company.

Lure. Nay, by Heavens, Madam, you shan't leave me so; I am come arm'd with Resolution to conquer, or die in the Attempt.

Luc. What do you mean? Perhaps, the Frankness of my Behaviour has given you room to entertain loose Thoughts of me: but, if it's so, know that Virtue do'n't always consist in a reserved stretch'd Carriage, any more than Religion does in Formality; but that Gaiety of Temper and Virtue are not inconsistent.

Lure. You wrong me, Madam, by thinking I have any dishonourable Design upon you; No, my Madam, my Passion is too refined. In short, Madam, Sir Roger has given me his Consent to marry you; and I expect you should not be backward in yours.

Luc. You seem to threaten me to Compliance.

Lure. No, I supplicate it on my Knees, I have too high an Esteem for you, to threaten you—here will I fix, nor move, till with that Hand I receive my Happiness, and your Consent.

Luc. Take 'em then; you have teased me so long, that I must yield in my own Defence—nay, no Ecstasy, I charge you—your Generosity has made such an Impression on me, that it would be Injustice to stifle my real Sentiments any longer; so I resign myself to you, and may I live to plague you as long as you now wish!

Lure. I shall study all Methods to recompence some part of this great Goodness—I am going to meet a Friend about particular Business--

Luc. I know that Business---but the Colonel can't be there; for he has an Assignment somewhere else

Lure. Has the Coward told you then that you might prevent it?

Luc. No, he dropt a Copy of the Challenge out of his Pocket, which I found, and immediately sent

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an Appointment to meet him at the *Park*, where I suppose he is by this Time.

Lure. Suffer me to go and see.

Luc. No, I take the Will for the Deed; and am as much obliged to you, for the Concern you show to vindicate my Honour, as if you had exposed your Life in my Defence.

S C E N E V.

Lucinda, Lurelove, Tom and Betty.

Tom. O rare News, Sir; we have seen Mr. *Snarl* coupled, and the Colonel likewise; but, I can't tell you to whom, unless you'll first promise me Forgiveness for what I have done.

Lure. I may venture to do that, for I know *Tom*, you'd sooner die than injure me.

Tom. After Mrs. *Lucinda* had appointed the Colonel; I was walking along the Street——and accidentally met your old Friend Mrs. *Twig*; and immediately an unlucky Thought jump'd into my Head, to couple the Colonel and her: I let her into the Secret, and dress'd her as like Miss *Lucinda* as Time would permit, put on her Mask, and sent her to the Place appointed; she hadn't been long there before the Colonel came, snap'd her up, bore off the Prize in Triumph, and the same Parson married both him, and Mr. *Snarl*; but, I suppose they have found the Mistake by this Time.

S C E N E VI.

To them Sir Roger, Ranger and Clara.

Sir Rog. So *Jack*, shall I wish you Joy?

Lure. To-morrow you may, Sir: well, *Ranger*, are you blest.

Ran. In my *Clara's* Love I am beyond what Thought can form.

Lure.

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Lure. Then farewell roving Nights and drowsy Days ; no more will I seek for Pleasure from such vain Delights : but, encircled in these fair Arms, despise all Joys besides ; Joys that insipid are to these.

Sir Ro. Hey day ! what's here ?

SCENE VII. *To them Gazette, with Mrs. Twig mask'd, Snarl with Miss Hilding.*

Gaz. Gentlemen, I kiss your Hands. Dear *Jack*, all Malice apart——Come, old Dad, your Blessing. Ha ! what *Lucinda* there ! pray unmask, my Dear, I am afraid I am bit. Even so, by *Jupiter* ; *Fol*, lol. [*sings and frets about.*]

Sir Ro. Ha, ha, ha ! why, thou art like a Bass-Viol, rough Musick without a Consort. Nay, thou art still more like a Bass Viol ; for thou hast more Guts than Brains in thy Loggerhead.

Gaz. 'Sdeath, Sir, do you banter me ?

Sir Ro. So a right Bass-Viol again ; for, he grumbles when I rub him.

Gaz. Who is this you have trick'd me with ?

Mrs. Twig. Mr. *Lurelove* can give you the best Account of me, Sir.

Gaz. Do you know the Lady, *Lurelove* ?

Lure. Sometime ago I did, but Fancy has erased her from my Memory.

Snarl. Ha, ha, ha ! poor Colonel, I pity you ; but hasty Marriages seldom produce any Good.

Ran. As witness your own, Sir.

Snarl. Ha ! what, am I bit too ?——Miss, my Dear, pull off your Mask. 'Tis evident——O Heavens ! confound ye all. [*going.*]

Miss

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Miss H. Nay, you sha'n't stir; I am your Wife, and Wives are Mistresses: I'll have you to know I'll rule as much as any City-Wife whatsoever.

Lure. Well, Colonel, I suppose you have forgot the Challenge: but I wo'n't frighten your Wife; for she may be with Child, and it may be of ill Consequence.

Gaz. Nay, don't insult me, Sir; my Heart's almost broke to think that I shall see it in the Papers to-morrow, that Colonel *Gazette* is marry'd to a Woman of the Town.

Sir Ro. Come, Children, join your Hands; *Lucinda*, do you consent?

Luc. Without any Ceremony; if he likes me with all my Follies, let him take me.

[*gives Lurelove her Hand.*]

Lure. Thus I receive Heaven's best Gift on Earth: for this alone I'll leave a Crown, and fly to a Desert, to be so blest.

Sir Ro. That's pretty now ——— Come, Mrs. *Clara*, yours too. There, take her, Mr. *Ranger*.

Ran. With all the Ardency a Lover's Heart can be capable of, I receive this Blessing.

Clara. As our Courtship has been very short, Sir, that you have had little Opportunity of shewing your Love yet, I hope that is all to come after Marriage.

Sir Ro. Now, Children, I'll give you both my Blessing; May the Sweetness of your Disposition meet the rough Temper of your Husbands, as Wool meets Iron easier than Iron, and turns resisting into embracing; may Dishonesty never come nearer than your Ears, and then may Wonder stop it out, and save Virtue the Trouble; may your Mirth, like a Perspective, let you look thro' it into Virtue, but not beyond it; may Housewifry be your Wit, and Cleanliness your Wisdom; let Obedience be your Crown never to be put

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put off, and Humility the Robe to fit it. In
short, may ye be every thing your Husbands
would wish ye; and so, my Lads, away with 'em;
for Women are, like *Eels*, very *slippery*, and fit
for no Man's Use 'till they are *stript* : so let the
Parson say Grace, then *tofs 'em up*, and fall too as
soon as you please.

Lure. Learn hence, ye giddy Fair, your Lives
to mend;
For Censures the most innocent attend:
Confine your Thoughts, and stricter Rules obey;
For Virtue'll ever bear the greatest Sway.



F I N I S.

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